

* Pender

11632 2.64
3

MARRIAGE ODE TO THE PUBLIC

HAVING read the ODE in due time and form to the
Board of Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, as a candidate
for the Premium held out by them to poetical merit, on a
late Matrimonial PARAGRAM. I now submit it to the Public
in general, and to the lovers of Parody in particular.

I have annexed DRYDEN'S ODE for two reasons.
First, because they wish to compare any Parody with the
Ode—Secondly, that at any rate, they may have the
worth of their money.

SOLD AT NO. 17, FADDE-STREET:

1795.

(Price 1s. 1d.)

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING sent this ODE in due time and form to the Board of Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, as a candidate for the Premium held out by them to poetical merit, on a late Matrimonial BARGAIN. I now submit it to the Public in general, and to the lovers of Parody in particular.

I have annexed DRYDEN's ODE, for two reasons—First, to save my readers the trouble of going to the Library, should they wish to contrast my Parody with the Ode—and Secondly, that at any rate, they may have the worth of their money.

PAT.T PINDAR.



MARRIAGE ODE

R O Y A L

T WAS at the gen'ral fast for Gallia lost,
By Frederick's valiant host,
At home in princely state,
His eldest brother sat,
And view'd young Dolphy's hat, *
And gave a tawdry toast.
Pimps, Captains, Peers, were rang'd around,
Their necks, with visionary halters bound ;
So should desert like *their's* be ever crown'd.

B

Fitzherbert's

* The young Prince whose hat was shot thro' by the French, in search of what they could not find—*brains*.

Fitzherbert's claims they now deride,
 Debts must be paid—a regal bride
 Will feed the Cockney's greasy pride,
 And open all their purses wide,
 The Royal evil to entail,
 By lineal right, on issue male,
 And female (*if so be as how,*)
 She haps to breed, like *Windsor's Sow* ;
 Then every year she'll surely bring
 A pretty little grunting thing,
 Just like its own *grand-daddy King* :

* Lucky, lucky, lucky wench,
 Happy lass, when in the trench,
 Might you not, with truth, declare,
 None like the French,
 None like the French,
 None like the French, could please the fair?*

Convivial Morris, placed
 High in the Prince's train,

With

* Alluding to the polite behaviour which she received passing thro' the French army, on her way to England.

With vagrant fancies fir'd his brain,
 And all his great exploits he trac'd
 In humour's native strain.

Perdita * first was sung,
 On whom the Royal youth had flung
 The cash of which all London rung ;
 What time she threaten'd to expose,
 His love-letters in rhyme and prose,
 And led his Highness by the nose ;
 'Till Tarlton, Li'rpool's hero came,
 And rode away, full gallop, with the dame.

'Twas then, to ease corroding thought,
 The Prince magnanimously fought,
 In ev'ry brothel, bulk, or lane,
 The fugitives of Venus' train,
 And while he drank, and curst, and swore,
 And flung his cloaths and gold about the floor,

His

* Perdita was a Mrs. Robinson, who left the Prince to live with Col. Tarleton, and really threatened to print his *love-letters*, which were somewhat in the *Cumberland* style ; but was prevented by a gratuity of eight hundred pounds ; what *pity* she did not bless the literary world with such a collection of *moral* and *entertaining* subjects.

* His trowfers, royal, falling down,
 The glitt'ring buttons there display'd,
 His name—his rank—his father's trade;
 He is they cry—the *Button-maker's son*,
And Heir Apparent to the B—H CROWN.

The guzzling corps admire the quaint conceit,

A dev'lish good one that, the Majors cry,
 Oh! dev'lish good, the Minors all reply,
 Oh! dev'lish good indeed, the graduate

Pimps repeat:

With tickl'd ears,
 His Highness hears,
 Gives buff and blue,
 And Mrs. Crew †
 And hiccups out three cheers.

His prowes next th' inventive Morris fung,
 Clare-market heroes high among,

Mendoza's

* The letters G P are engraved on all his metal buttons, by which means his quality has been often discovered in places of improper amusement, where it was customary with him, when very drunk, to tear off all his cloaths.

† A favourite toast among the Prince's party.

Mendoza's Royal Pupil comes, *

Clinch your fingers, shield your thumbs.

Pride of all the Play-house camps,

He beats the watch, and breaks the lamps.

Now let the cleavers play, his Highness comes,

Th' slaught'ring heroes high among ;

Augustus leads the road to fame ;

George Augustus leads the riot,

Princely boys should ne'er be quiet ;

Ever drinking,

Never thinking,

Great examples banish shame.

Proud of such praise, his Highness swore,

That *he* had done ALL THAT, and more ;

Then brandish'd high his royal fists,

And challeng'd Broughton to the lists,

And sparr'd a lesson o'er.

Full well the wily Captain knew,

How *long a bow* his Highness drew,

And

* It is well known his Highness paid large sums for instruction in the old *elegant English* art of boxing ; and also, that he condescended to exercise with the butchers of Clare-market.

And while he gloried in the fun,
Shew'd him what the FRENCH had done;

Then hum'd the Carmagnole,
To animate his soul :

And sang the Bishop next in blood,
Chac'd by a Sans-Culotte ;

Beaten, beaten, beaten, beaten,
Beaten, and just gone to pot,
And sheltering in the mud,

* The *Dunkirk* races then he sung,
And how the hireling troops were flung ;
And how Prince Cobourgh wrote one day †
To *this here Island* all the way,
To Debrisay and Charley Jones, ‡

To

* The Author supposes Captain Morris had read in the Irish papers, the correspondence between Prince Cobourgh and Captain Debrisay.

† Vide Morning Post, for the interesting correspondence, 1793.

‡ Lord Viscount Ranelagh, who sometimes acts as Bishop in the House of Lords, and is one of the Commissioners of the Paving Board.

To send him all our paving stones
 To try to break the Frenchmen's bones;
 And smash the Guillotine;
 In doubtful guise his Royal Highness sat
 Considering what to do—for cash,
 To ways and means his thoughts incline,
 He long'd to make one glorious dash,
 And fighting—sip'd his wine.

The watchful Captain laugh'd to think,
 How nearly George was on the brink,
 From fighting o'er his furious battles,
 Of selling all his goods and chattels,
 Full well he knew his Highness purse,
 Was very low—his credit worse.
 Briefly then he sang out—*Marriage*,
 To prevent a worse miscarriage.

Debts he cry'd will quickly grieve thee,
 All thy—Courtezans will leave thee;
 Charming creatures, so inviting,
 Robbing still—yet still delighting,
 If such joys are worth thy heading,
 Bear, Oh! bear, a Public Wedding:

Tho'

Tho' Newmarket has undone thee,
 And the Jockey's there out-run thee,
 Money yet and good contriving,
 Betting, or at bets—conniving,
 May repair thy former losses,
 And oblivate all thy crosses.
 Thou know'st not what good luck betides thee,
 Take the Wife the King provides thee.

The jovial crew applaud the *just design*,
 Huzza'd for George, and guzzl'd down his wine,
 The Prince now pliant to the marriage
 chain,
 In bumper's large
 Renewed the charge,
 And drank and fill'd, drank and fill'd,
 Drank and fill'd, and drank again,
 At length dead drunk, amidst the general roar,
 His Royal Highness tumbled on the floor.

Now Morris gives the *coup-de-main*,
 Surround him boys—and get him up again;
 Double, double, all your roaring,
 And rouse his Highness, from this fit of snoring:

See

See he dreams of the noise ;
Which attempting to check,
He has hurted his neck ;

And he swears and he stares at the boys.

Huzzá, my Prince, the Captain cries,

E're day our deeds surprize ;

We'll go the rounds, come let's begin ;

* I see in the street,

Two old Jockeys I'll beat ;

For the rascals went snacks,

With their whips on their backs ;

When the knowing ones first took you in.

Behold yon ragged band,

Each a link in his hand ;

Those were riding grooms, who, when drunk,

will relate ;

How they nick'd you in weight,

When Old Sly won the plate.

C

Then

* It is well known and felt by both kingdoms, how much money his Highness has lost on the Turf, by such *unprincipled wretches*, selling his interest to a certain set of Right Honourable Jockeys, who, when their own purposes were accomplished—left the working tools of their villany to the abject state of link boys, or the more reprobate emoluments of *Crimping*.

Then while in view,
 Give the drubbing due,
 To the tatter'd crew,
 For jockeying you.
 Behold how they grin, and toss off the gin;
 How they point at St. James's in glee,
That glorious CRIMP WAREHOUSE, that deals
 out a fee,
 To black and red rascals of every degree;
 Pimps, Captains and Colonels with rage were
 struck mute,
 But they all fallied forth to preserve good repute,
 And the Prince seiz'd a cudgel to join the pursuit;
 But a girl of the town,
 Met the Heir of the C——N,
 On his road to renown;
 And like another Circe made another—BRUTE.

PAT.T PINDAR.

DRYDEN's ODE.

T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won;
 By Philip's warlike son;
 Aloft in awful state
 The god-like hero sat
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave
 None but the brave deserve the fair.
 Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky;
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove;
 Who left the blissful seats above,
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he the fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
 world.—

The

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;
 A present deity, they shout around ;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

'The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung ;
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ,
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 slain.——

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride,
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood :

Descend

Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast look the joyless victor stare,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in the Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet, a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head ;
 As awak'd from the dead,

And

And amaz'd' he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus' cries,
 See the Furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ;
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew :
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !—
 The Princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

27749

F I N I S .